

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

WHEN THE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS DISCOVER THAT MRS. MERRILEES HAS BROUGHT IN A LOT OF IMITATION JEWELS THEY SUSPECT HER OF TRYING TO PLAY A SMUGGLING TRICK

Synopsis—Lydia Craven, traveling as Lucy Carteret, runs away from her English home to go to her father, Thaddeus Craven, in New York, whom she hasn't seen for five years. Three days out on board the steamer Alsatia, she runs plump into Craven, making love to Mrs. Merrilees, a young widow, engaged to marry him. Later Craven explains his mysterious conduct and supposed bachelorhood by telling Lydia he is a British secret service agent in America. She is attacked at night and a small box containing supposed valuable documents, which he has given her to keep for him, is stolen. This is recovered for her by Quoin, an amateur detective. When the party lands at New York, Lydia, carrying the small box, has no trouble passing the customs inspection. When Mrs. Merrilees declares a \$60,000 necklace, the inspector tells her it is worth about \$200—just an imitation. This information astounds them and Mrs. Merrilees raises a row.

CHAPTER X.

The silence was short-lived; but while it lasted a power of scorn played like lightning round the devoted head of the appraiser.

As for Lydia and Peter (who had just joined the group), they gaped in open amazement; while the inspector looked sorry for Charlie.

After lightning, thunder, remote, maestro, "Are you—mad?"

"Me? No, ma'am, not a bit. It's nothing to me, you know."

"Don't quibble, if you please. I want to know whether or not you're daft. You know perfectly well that necklace is worth ninety-sixty thousand dollars. Look at the bill. Inspector, be good enough to show this person Cottier's bill."

The appraiser examined the receipt with ostensible astonishment. "I don't understand this, ma'am," he faltered. "Nor I!"

"Cottier's don't deal in imitations, I know," he pursued with greater confidence. "All the same, I'll stake my job that those are fish-skin pearls, paste brilliants, and—well, the settings, I admit, are genuine."

"Then your job is as good as lost. I shall file a complaint and have you discharged for incompetence."

"If you'll pardon me, I don't believe you will, Mrs. Merrilees."

"Easy, Betty!" Peter Traft interposed. "Perhaps he's right, after all."

"Be quiet, Peter. When I want your advice, I'll let you know. Certainly I ought to know when I paid for that collar!"

"Then you have been shamefully cheated, Mrs. Merrilees," the inspector put in.

"Quite impossible. I know real gems from articles de Paris, and I examined this necklace with the greatest care before I purchased it. Since then it has never left this box, which hasn't been out of my care an instant except when in the purser's safe."

"I'm sorry, but I know what I know. If you're the judge you think yourself, ma'am, I can only suggest that you take this to the light and—here, I'll lend you my magnifying glass."

"Thank you, I shan't require it." With a gesture of rage, Mrs. Merrilees snatched the case from the appraiser's hands and moved toward the patch of sunlight. Before she had reached it, studying the collar attentively on the way, Lydia saw her slacken pace and falter.

One short minute in that strong glare sufficed. As pale in mystification as she had previously been with wrath, Mrs. Merrilees returned.

"I owe you an apology," she informed the appraiser in a shaking voice. "It's a palpable imitation."

The box slipped from her grasp and went to the floor with a bump, spilling its trashy contents, and Mrs. Merrilees flopped inconspicuously to a convenient trunk—Lydia's ready arm round her shoulders.

"But, my dear!" Betty wailed. "It's perfectly preposterous!"

The appraiser looked at once bored and dubious. Peter Traft batted bewildered eyes, then with a helpful air picked up the box and replaced its contents. The inspector swung sharply round and made off, with every evidence of inspired haste, toward a distant quarter of the pier.

"Let me think!" Mrs. Merrilees said in a stifled voice. Indenting her lower lip with a knuckle, she fastened an abstracted stare on the polished tips of her shoes.

Lydia, at a loss, found nothing to say. She couldn't decently express too great concern over the disappearance of something that had been dedicated to her on her wedding day—however remote that event. Yet she was gravely if unintelligibly distressed. Beneath her ready sympathy stirred a quail of peculiar uneasiness. Distracted by the rumble of men's voices, she looked up, to find that Quoin had added himself to the group and was studiously attending to Peter's account of the counterfeit collar. Their eyes met presently, and Lydia was surprised by the look he bent upon

her, a regard somehow faintly reminiscent of their parting subsequent to her adventure of the night before last. She favored him with her shadowy, enigmatic smile, now vaguely tinted with solicitude.

Nodding briefly, with a thoughtful air, Quoin returned his consideration to Peter and the article de Paris.

"I simply cannot understand it!" Betty declared, abandoning the puzzle as hopeless. Then, catching sight of the detective, she hailed him. "Quoin, do come here at once!" and immediately, heedless of bystanders, began to detail her perplexity in a high, querulous voice.

After a moment or two Lydia rose and joined Peter Traft. "Poor dear!" she said gently, with a slight nod to correct any possible misconception as to the object of her sympathy. "I'm so sorry for her!"

"Well," said Peter, impressively judgmental, "of course Betty can afford to lose these trinkets by the gross; but, granted she isn't faking, it's a pretty puzzle, isn't it?"

"Faking!" Lydia echoed resentfully. "Now don't get huffy—please! Betty's a darling, and everything like that; but she's got no conscientious scruples about smuggling—none that you'd notice—and I don't mind telling you she isn't above turning a trick like this—acting up to it too. She's one wonderful young comedienne, if you don't know it."

"Turn a trick like this!" What does that mean? Lydia demanded stiffly.

"Have her dog collar duplicated in paste and fish scales, substitute it for

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abruptly to turn and examine the deputy with the eye of disfavor. "Yes?" she asked brusquely.

The deputy introduced himself. "The inspector has just informed me of this—er—unfortunate matter," he pursued. "And I thought I might possibly be able to help straighten it out."

"Kind of you, I'm sure." But the tone of Mrs. Merrilees completely belied this statement. "Have you anything to propose?"

"If I might have the privilege of a word in private—" the deputy suggested blandly.

Quoin made as if to withdraw.

"Wait, please. This is Mr. Quoin. You may have heard of him."

"Who hasn't?" the deputy returned pleasantly. "Proud to meet you, sir."

"Mr. Quoin has kindly volunteered to help me in this—outrage. Anything you wish to say he may hear."

"As you please, madam, but—" The glance of the deputy veered significantly to Peter and Lydia.

"No!" Mrs. Merrilees insisted warmly. "You can have nothing to say that any of my friends may not hear."

"Then, madam—permit me to advise you, in all deference—"

"Well?"

"It will save you a great deal of trouble to produce the original collar, pay the duty on it, and—"

"Quoin!" Betty exclaimed in a tone of irritated perplexity. "What can this person mean?"

Quoin was silent.

"I don't mean," the deputy pursued, unabashed, "to be offensive; but—the inference is unavoidable. You are known to have purchased a valuable pearl collar in Paris—"

"I believe I declared it!"

"But upon examination you produce only a comparatively worthless imitation, and assert that you have been robbed of the original."

"I assert! I have asserted nothing," Mrs. Merrilees drew a long breath, closed her teeth with a vindictive snap, and reopened them to observe with withering distinctness, "Go away! You are insolent! You presume—oh, you annoy me! Do go—before I forget myself!"

"We can't assess an imitation at the value of the real necklace, of course, and yet we know that the original is coming into this country by this boat."

"Then permit me to recommend the other passengers to your attention."

"We'll do our best to overhaul them all, I promise you. But if the goods don't turn up, we'll feel reluctantly compelled to make a thorough search, not only of your luggage but of yourself as well, Mrs. Merrilees."

"Quoin!" Mrs. Merrilees appealed. The investigator shook his head.

"It's too bad; but I really don't see what's to be done about it. These people have the power to make things mighty unpleasant for you unless—"

"What, you too?" she hissed, with vast dramatic expressiveness.

"No, no!" Quoin protested hastily. "Don't misunderstand me. I'm only afraid that, unless the necklace shows up, you'll have to submit."

"Very well!" With a shrug of defiance, Mrs. Merrilees showed Quoin an ungracious back. To the deputy she added with blighting disdain, "Go ahead. And while you're finding nothing in my trunks you may as well send for a female inspector to search me. But every one of you will suffer for this—or I'll know the reason why!"

"I'm sorry, madam."

But there wasn't much uneasiness betrayed in the deputy collector's manner as he signed to the inspector to do his hateful duty.

The three friends of Mrs. Merrilees, on the other hand, were acutely uncomfortable—Quoin in disgrace, Peter Traft firmly convinced that the deputy was right and consequently afraid to meet Betty's eyes, and Lydia not only sore distressed with misgivings, but repelled by Betty's attitude.

And this was the phase of the affair disclosed to Craven when he bustled up, aglow with satisfaction.

"Hello, people! I'm all clear. Had the deuce of a time—the silly ass wanted to rook me for duds I brought in as long ago as 1908; but—What's the row?"

This last was in a tone radically changed, and at the same instant his fiancée decided to acknowledge him on probation, however rigidly she might elect to deny the rest of humanity. So she unbent enough to beckon him with a nod; and Craven hurried on to get his answer from the one most concerned.

What is your solution of the mystery? Do you think that Mrs. Merrilees is trying to put over a trick? Some mighty queer happenings are described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Strong on Work.

"Some men treat their country and their families de same way," said Uncle Eben. "Dey loves 'em, but dey doesn't care much 'bout workin' for 'em."

BURNS RATED AS GREATEST SUN FIELDER



BEST SUNDG IN MAJOR LEAGUES.

The best sundog in the big leagues! Here, in a sentence, you have the opinion of a majority of National league managers regarding George Burns, left fielder of the Giants.

Burns is rated by many as the greatest sun fielder since the days of Wee Willie Keller, who, though he faced the sun day after day was seldom known to miff a fly ball, and whose batting eye was not dimmed by the rays of Old Sol.

This is Burns' sixth year as a member of the Giants. He came to the New York club from Utica in the spring of 1912 and stuck through the season, although he played in only 29 games. Since that time Burns has missed few regularly scheduled games with the clan of McGraw and he goes on from year to year, hitting and fielding as consistently as though the very turning of the clock depended upon his being in the lineup.

Started as Catcher. Burns is a short and rather chunky athlete, and when he broke into professional baseball with Utica in 1909, at the age of twenty, he started out to be a catcher. Because of the fact that small catchers, of the Ray Schalk type, were not attractive to the scouts

in those days, Burns was eventually shifted to the outfield, and although he made good as first catcher with the Utica club it was believed that his wonderful hitting ability could be bettered if he played the outfield. So into the garden went Burns, and after two years of it he was grabbed by the Giants. He has been with McGraw ever since, and his baseball experience in professional ranks has been limited to the two teams.

Hughie Jennings once said of Burns:

"He is as good a player as ever drev on a spiked shoe. It's too bad he hasn't a little more aggressiveness in his makeup. He would be doubly wonderful. There's nothing he doesn't or cannot do well on a ball field."

That's Burns. Ask any of the big leaguers about him and you'll get the same answer, and it is a tribute none too good for him because, with all of his ability, he is one of the most unassuming ball players in the game, and he doesn't care a tinker's rap for publicity.

Burns was born at Utica, N. Y., in 1889. He is five feet seven inches tall and weighs around 175 pounds in condition.

SORRY TO SEE WICKLAND GO

Speedy Outfielder Has Been Big Help to Indians in Winning Association Pennant.

Indianapolis fans will be sorry to lose Al Wickland, speedy Indian outfielder, who may get a chance with the Boston Nationals. Wickland's chance to go



Al Wickland.

up came when the Philadelphia Nationals cancelled their draft on Pitcher Dana Fillingim. Wickland, one of the best outfielders in the league and a long-distance hitter of note, has been a big help to the Indians in winning the pennant, although he has been out of the game much of the time recently on account of an injured leg.

TOO MANY I. W. W. PITCHERS

Bill Clymer Gives Characteristic Reason as to Why He Wouldn't Win Pennant.

A Toledo writer approached Bill Clymer of Louisville in the middle of August and asked:

"Are you going to win the pennant, Bill?"

"No. Don't think so," Bill remarked very curtly. He never is pleasant in Toledo anyway.

"What's the matter?"

"I've got too many I. W. W. pitchers on my club."

The Toledo writer got a translation of I. W. W. from Clymer, and it reads as follows: "I won't work any oftener than I have to."

FIRST TRIPLE PLAY IS MADE

Description of Thriller Pulled Off on Forbes Field—Stunt Engineered by Boeckel.

The triple play made in the Pittsburgh-Boston game of September 18 is said to be the first ever pulled on Forbes Field. With the bases full in the second inning of the second game, Myers hit to Boeckel, who threw to Schmidt, forcing a runner at the plate. Schmidt sent the ball to first ahead of the slow-running Myers, and when Kelly tried to come on home from second he was retired by a throw back from first to the catcher.

Healey Awarded Commission.

Thomas Healey of the Milwaukee Brewers was awarded a commission in the dental corps of the army and has reported for duty. Healey, who had his trial with Connie Mack, is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. He was famous in baseball, basketball and track athletics in college, but could not stick in the big show as a professional ball player.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Your MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED by your druggist without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchial Asthma, Hay Fever or Difficult Breathing. No matter how violent the attacks or obstinate the case.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

In either form (Cigarette, Pipe Mixture or Powder) positively gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable, after having tried every other means of relief in vain. Sufferers are afforded an opportunity of availing themselves of this "Money-Back" guarantee offer as through purchasing from their own regular druggist. They are sure their money will be refunded by him if the remedy fails. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and will get your money back if you are not. We do not know of any fairer proposition which we could make.

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

No Great Loss. "Why, ma'am," said Private Soggers, "the roar of them big guns was so fierce in the trenches we couldn't hear ourselves think."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the interested old lady. "That must have been terrible. Still, I understand your officers are put there to do your thinking for you."

WOMEN SUFFERERS NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness and may be despondent and irritable.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, restores health to the kidneys and is just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

LLAMAS MUST BE HUMORED

Will Not Endure Force or Threats—When Being Loaded They Are Cared by Drivers.

The South American llama will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. The animals go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead. If the llamas are tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay be too great the Indian, becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all due precaution, resolves on supplanting the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about 50 or 60 paces off, in an attitude of humility, waving his hand coaxingly toward them, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, reiterates, "Ic, ic, ic." If the llamas are disposed to resume their course they follow the Indian in good order and at a regular pace, but step fast, for their legs are long; but, when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn toward the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down. The straight neck and the gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motion, all give them an air at once sensitive and noble.

If it happens—which is very seldom the case—that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or even by threats, what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by words or gesture it raises its head with dignity and, without making any attempt to escape, it retreats by flight, flies down.

The respect shown these animals by Peruvian Indians amounts almost to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them two approach and caress the animal, hiding its head that it may not see the load on its back. It is the same in unloading.

A woman gets pleasure out of new clothes; getting a new suit is fun for a man, too.

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There's a Reason

Boys & Girls THRIVE on the easily digested wheat and barley food.

Grape-Nuts